

# GERMAN NAVAL RAID IN NIGHT ON RAMSGATE

# The Daily Mirror

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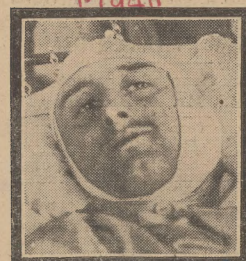
## CHEERFUL PATIENTS FROM THE BROKE AND SWIFT—SEAMAN WHO ACCOUNTED FOR A GIANT GERMAN.



Able Seaman William G. Rawles, Broke's helmsman, who, though hit four times by shell fragments, remained at the wheel throughout the action.



Midshipman Donald Gyles, who is now in a hospital at Deal with a nasty wound just over the eye. It is not thought that he will lose the sight.



Stoker W. Turner, of H.M.S. Broke.



Able Seaman Ingleson, who ran a giant German through with his cutlass.



Commander Ambrose M. Peck, of H.M.S. Swift, who torpedoed an enemy ship.



Stoker James Barnes, of H.M.S. Swift.



Stoker William Harrel, of H.M.S. Broke.



Seaman H. Towle, of H.M.S. Broke.

Midshipman Gyles, who gave a description of the Channel "scrap" to a correspondent yesterday, related how, when the enemy swarmed on to the Broke he was attacked by a burly German, a regular giant. The man endeavoured to wrench away the "middy's"

pistol, but was killed by Ingleson. Countless acts of bravery were performed, and Seaman Rawles betrayed no sign that he was wounded until he reported to his captain, when he said "I'm going off now, sir," and fainted. See page 7.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

# HOW BRITAIN WILL BEAT U BOATS

Premier's Great Call to Country—"We Must Stick to Our Rations."

## WAR TIDE HAS TURNED—STRIKING FACTS.

A great and thrilling call to the nation to beat the U boats was made by Mr. Lloyd George yesterday at the Guildhall, where he was presented with the freedom of the City of London.

The Premier's main points were:—

The Germans mean to make the seas absolutely impassable; it is essential to victory for us that they should fail.

If our programme is carried out by everybody in the country doing his duty, the German submarine campaign is beaten.

The public must stick to their rations.

Our minimum problem is to feed a population of forty-five millions in a country which is not self-supporting against a swarm of pirates moving unseen in the trackless sea.

We are trying to have three million more acres of foodstuffs for 1918, thus making sure that we cannot be starved, even if we do not get a ton of food from abroad.

If the steps we are now taking for cultivation had been taken a year or eighteen months ago, we should have had absolutely no anxiety now about food.

We are cutting down imports by between ten and eleven million tons.

We have eighty-five million bushels of wheat in Canada for the fetching; it ought to be here.

Although we are losing heavily in ships we can in July bring more cargo tonnage into our markets than in March.

The tide of war has now turned, and victory is becoming increasingly assured.

The best brains in this country and in America, declared the Premier, were applying their energies to the U boat problem. It was not insoluble.

## FROM DARK TO DAWN.

How the tide has turned in France was shown by the Premier in the following striking passages:—

Reference has been made to the part I took in organising the resources of this country for the equipment of our armies in the field with necessary material, to give them, at any rate, a fair chance in the fight.

You will remember, he said, those dark and dreary days when our gallant fellows, in shattered trenches by night and day endured the mockery of it all, and how they stood it.

Before June 1915, we lost eighty-four guns and a considerable number of prisoners. There is no better test of victory than the matter of guns and prisoners.

Since that day we have not lost a single gun, while we have captured 400—and in regard to prisoners we have at least taken ten for one.

Take, if you like, the difference between the battle of the Somme and the last great battle round Vimy.

Entirely owing to the fact that we have got superior equipment, we captured the whole of Vimy Ridge with about 200 guns and something like one-fifth of the loss that it took the French Army in the days of inferior equipment.

Take the first eighteen days of the battle of the Somme and the first eighteen days of this battle.

In the first eighteen days of the battle of the Somme we captured 12,000 prisoners and fifty-four guns.

During the first eighteen days of the battle of Arras we captured 18,000 prisoners and 230 guns.

We have gained four times as much ground and our losses are exactly half.

## TAKING NO CHANCES.

That means not merely ultimate victory, but it means that victory is going to be won at less loss and that the chances are growing as our equipment is improving.

And the Germans know it. That is the explanation of the despair which has driven them to black piracy on the high seas.

But what have we done as a Government to meet this condition?

When we came in in December of last year the wheat cultivation of this country had been allowed to go down by 15 per cent.

There were 250,000 fewer acres cultivated of wheat than in the previous year.

We brought under cultivation in three or four months of rather feverish activity one million acres of fresh land. That means an addition of two million tons of food.

I do not say that the war is going to continue through 1918, but we are taking no chances.

We are taking steps now for the harvest of 1918, and not a minute too soon.

Turning to the cutting down of imports by between ten and eleven million tons, the Premier asked:—

Do you know what eleven million tons of imports mean? If that eleven million tons had been saved a year ago you would have had twelve months' store of wheat in this country now.

Why do I say that? In Canada there was a surplus of wheat. They had got eighty-five mil-

lions of bushels of wheat there. I believe about twenty or thirty millions of it had to go to the United States for the want of transport.

If you are cutting down your imports it means increasing shipping until we have discovered our method of destroying this ocean bacillus.

We are building ships.

The ships of this country are going to be concentrated henceforth upon the essential and vital trade of the country.

The Premier also dealt with the following problems:—

**Ireland.**—To have a well-knit and powerful Empire we must convert Ireland from a suspicious, loyal, dangerous neighbour to a cheerful and loyal comrade.

**Imperial Preference.**—We believe that a system of preference should be established, while not involving the imposition of burdens upon food. We believe it can be done without that.

## 'EVEN WORSE THAN KNOWN'

"The latest figures I have seen of the sinking of ships show the position to be even worse than those hitherto published have shown it."

Thus spoke Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P., at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, yesterday.

He said that the menace was growing more and more serious every week.

## HIGH GERMAN HOPES.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—During a discussion on the Naval Budget in the Main Committee of the Reichstag, Admiral von Capelle, the Secretary for the Navy, said:—

The reduction of the tonnage at the disposal of our enemy is proceeding with mathematical certainty, and thereby necessarily increasing the lack of foodstuffs, while the growing want of coal, ore and pit props has already made itself felt in the severest manner.

Very significant is the following passage taken from the *Morning Post* of April 16:—"The exact figures of English tonnage sunk are kept secret, but the scales are inclining in favour of Germany, and this gain for the submarines will probably increase in mathematical progression."

A Central News message says Admiral Capelle said: "It was not to be doubted that within a short time British vessels would be forced to accept peace in consequence of this warfare."

**'MET DEATH WITH A SMILE'**  
Striking Tribute to Soldier Son of Brigadier-General Seely.

"He was in command of his company, who all adored him."

Such is the tribute paid to Second Lieutenant Frank E. Seely, eldest son of Brigadier-General Seely, late Secretary for War, by an officer writing from the front.

"He was bringing his company up to the front line just won from the enemy," adds the writer, "and there was rather heavy shelling. With his happy smiling face, he shouted to them, 'Now, don't mistake me for a German when I come back to fetch you.' 'No fear, sir,' they shouted back. Soon after he was hit by shrapnel in the chest near the heart."

"He set a great example to us all, meeting death with a happy smile at the head of his men with his face to the enemy."

**THE KING AND CAPTURE OF BAGDAD.**

The British authorities have received cordial letters from the Mujtahids (religious leaders) of Kerbela and Najef, and the King, in reply to a telegram from one of the principal Mujtahids of Kerbela offering congratulations on the capture of Bagdad, Dar-es-Salaam, telegraphed:—

I have received with pleasure your congratulations on the brilliant achievement of my troops, whose victorious arms will assure the security of your famous shrines. My earnest desire is for the well-being of Iraq and its people, the preservation of its holy places and the restoration of its ancient prosperity."

**"CAPTAIN ROBINSON A PRISONER."**

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—According to information available here, which is not official but appears to be trustworthy, Flight-Commander Robinson, V.C., who was recently reported to have been shot down on the western front, is a prisoner of war and unharmed.—Reuter.

## WOMEN'S COOLNESS.

3 Killed and 9 Hurt by Exploding Shell at Works.

## 1 KILLED IN FACTORY FIRE.

As the result of a shell exploding at a Scottish munitions factory twelve persons were injured, three of whom died from their injuries, and owing to a fire at a munitions factory in the North of England one person was killed and two others injured.

The official statements are as follow:—

1. The Minister of Munitions regrets to announce that on April 26 in a munitions factory in Scotland a 6 in. shell exploded, injuring twelve workers, eleven of whom were women. Three women have since succumbed.

Commendable coolness and spirit were shown by the workers.

The situation was effectively dealt with, and the injured workers were promptly removed to hospital.

The effects of this explosion were very local. No material damage was done, and the output of munitions has not been affected.

2. The Minister of Munitions regrets to announce that a fire, followed by a small explosion, took place at a munitions factory in the North of England early yesterday morning.

As far as is known at present, the number of casualties is small, amounting to one killed and four injured.

## CAPTAIN SENT TO PRISON.

Five Men Found Guilty in Liverpool Recruiting Trial.

The Liverpool recruiting case was concluded at Liverpool Assizes yesterday. Five defendants were found guilty on a charge of conspiracy.

Captain Herbert Wilson, who pleaded guilty to receiving sums of money, was sentenced to a year and nine months' imprisonment.

John Hughes, proprietor of a grocery business with a turnover of half a million a year, who said he was absolutely innocent, received sentence of twelve months' imprisonment and was ordered to pay £1,200 towards the cost of the prosecution.

Ernest Emmanuel Barnett was sentenced to twelve months' and Francis Barnett and Mendel Fishel to nine months' imprisonment.

## MORE NURSES NEEDED.

Lord Derby's Urgent Appeal to All Women Who Have Retired.

Within the last few days (says Lord Derby in a letter to the Press) the Government has had to call upon the medical profession for the services of more of its members, in order to meet the situation caused by the dastardly torpedoing of hospital ships by the enemy.

It is necessary, in order to complete hospital establishments, that a similar demand should be made upon retired nurses who are set at liberty for military service every available certificated nurse who is willing to serve.

I also appeal to every nurse who has retired from her profession to offer her services to her training school, or to one of the local hospitals or institutions, in order that she may release a nurse capable of undertaking the more strenuous duties of military service.

Finally I appeal to every nurse who is in possession of a three years' certificate for general training, and who is free to offer her services, to apply at once to the Matron-in-Chief, War Office, Adastral House, Embankment, E.C. 4.

## GUNS SAVE LIVES.

How Dilution of Labour at Home Has Helped "Tommy."

Mr. Kellaway, in the House of Commons yesterday, moved the second reading of the Munitions of War Bill, the object of which is to extend the scope of the system of dilution.

We should be blind to the lessons of the war, he said, if anything were done to diminish our industrial efficiency and productive power for war.

In spite of the terrific artillery fire carried out in the first and in the second week of the new offensive, he said, we were able to use six and a half times the ammunition used in the Somme offensive.

All that meant a great saving of British flesh and blood. The dilution of labour, although partial, had been justified by results, but there was a good case for extending the system.

Apart from munition production, it was absolutely necessary that shipbuilding and agriculture should be supplied with increased skilled labour.

Mr. Kellaway.

## PEOPLE EXCEEDING BREAD RATION.

6lb. a Head Eaten Instead of 4lb.

## PAVING WAY FOR TICKETS.

The average consumption of bread last month was 6lb. a head per week instead of the 4lb. recommended by the Food Controller.

Such was the statement made by Captain Bathurst in the House of Commons yesterday in answer to a question by Mr. Gilbert.

Clearly, unless people cut down the present rate of consumption forthwith, bread tickets are an absolute certainty in the very early future.

An order of the Food Controller has made it illegal to hoard any food commodity, "but," as

## THE PLAN FOR IRELAND.

"How to Settle the Irish Question," is the subject of a remarkable article by Lord Rothermere in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

Lord Rothermere propounds a scheme at once simple and practicable which might be put into operation with the minimum of delay. The plan is one which could not be objected to by either Ulstermen or Nationalists or by any reasonable men.

Other features of the *Sunday Pictorial* include "Hands Off the Throne," a brilliant article by Mr. Horatio Bottomley; a fascinating new love story, "The All-in-a-Minute Husband," by Miss Christine Joyce-Stade; and an article by Mr. H. Sidebottom, the military writer, who says that the struggle now taking place in France will be the decisive battle of the war.

An official pointed out to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, it is exceedingly difficult to discover the hoarding food hog.

"We can only appeal to anyone who is aware of any specific instances of hoarding to acquaint the Ministry of Food with the facts, and the culprit is likely to have a most unpleasant time."

A striking illustration of what can be done in reducing food consumption is afforded in a report to be presented to-day to the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

The Board's staff of indoor servants numbers 4,000, and during the past sixteen weeks the following quantities of food have been saved without cost to the Board:—except in compliance with the Food Controller's orders:—

Milk, 3,726 gallons; eggs, 43,112. Tea, 154cwt.; sugar, 88cwt. Flour, 36cwt.; meat, 41cwt.

During the last four weeks the saving of money has been at the rate of £18,772 a year.

Mr. Kennedy Jones' letter suggesting that, apart from invalid foods, except in special cases and on the authority of a doctor, wounded soldiers should conform to the bread and sugar rations laid down for meals in hotels, has been sent by the Hon. A. Stanley, M.P., to all County Directors.

## MISS V. VANBROUGH.

Restitution Granted Against Her Husband, Mr. A. Bouchier.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mrs. Violet Augusta Bouchier, better known as Miss Violet Vanbrough, the actress, was granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who did not defend the suit.

Petitioner's counsel stated that the parties were married in 1894, and had one child.

They resided happily together until 1915, when Mr. Bouchier's demeanour towards petitioner changed entirely, and in 1916 he requested her to leave the house, which she did. Mrs. Bouchier then sought refuge with him, saying:—

You have never suggested the slightest complaint against me.

Before you make your final decision I beg of you once more to reconsider the matter and return to me, not only for your own sake but my sake, but for the sake of the child.

Mr. Bouchier's reply was a refusal to return to petitioner.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### 3,000,000 Limbless Men.

American experts, basing their opinions on official documents, estimate that 3,000,000 men have lost limbs in the war, and that before peace comes the total will be 5,000,000.

### Omnibus Services Curtailed.

In future the London General Omnibus Company's omnibuses on the 27A (to Hampton Court) 22A (to Harewood) and 33A (to Warren Wood House) routes will not run on Saturdays.

### U.S. Off the Black List.

The *London Gazette* last night announced that all persons or bodies of persons in Porto Rico and in the United States are by an Order in Council omitted from the trading with the enemy statutory list proclamation.

# FOE FEARS BIG STRIKES—AMERICA'S PART IN WAR

Fierce Threats by Hollweg and Groener—  
Bitter Denunciation of Strikers.

MR. BALFOUR'S FIRST REPORT—U.S. ACTION.

Complete Support for Allies—Food, Ships and Money—  
Ruthless U Boat War on America.

The labour trouble in Germany, brought about at the outset by food shortage, has thoroughly alarmed the Kaiser's Government.

**Bethmann Hollweg** (the Imperial Chancellor) warns workers that strikers will be punished with the full force of the law. A large number of munition workers are to be sent to the front.

**General von Groener** (Director of the War Office) has issued an amazing proclamation trouncing strikers, calling them cowards and threatening them with trial for high treason.

In the meantime the *Tageblatt* says that the Independent Socialists' resolution constitutes an appeal to workers to celebrate May 1 by a strike.

## U.S. PREPARING THREE-FOLD PLAN.

**Mr. Balfour** has cabled his first report as to the agreements reached in the War Conferences at Washington. America has given assurances of complete support and co-operation in what is asked of her.

Another report indicates that the United States will furnish ships, food and money as soon as possible.



General von Groener, who calls the German strikers cowards.

## FIRST RESULTS OF MR. BALFOUR'S MISSION.

Report Cabled to London—Full  
Co-operation Promised.

£100,000,000 A MONTH.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Mr. Balfour has cabled his first report on the agreements reached in the war conferences concerning the settlement of the shipping problem.

The Commissioners say that the report will probably be published in London within the next forty-eight hours.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Mr. Balfour has reported in effect that the British and French have expressed their wishes to the American Government concerning the part the United States shall play in the war.

America has given assurances of complete support and co-operation.

### SHIPBUILDING DECISION.

The Commissioners have asked for an equal division of munitions and foodstuffs and are content to allow the question of a fighting force to wait.

The French are in complete accord with the shipping plans, but have not yet discussed the question from a technical standpoint.

The three subjects discussed in detail at the conferences were shipbuilding, submarine and coast patrol.

**Mr. Balfour** is amazed at the amount of publicity given through the American Press regarding the conferences.—Exchange.

### RUSHING FOOD TO DOCKS.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Although the President has not yet publicly stated the policy of America to help the Allies there are indications that he is actively co-operating with the Commissioners to furnish ships, food and money as soon as possible.

Those who favour national defence are actively co-operating in pushing food and coal by railroad throughout the country to the docks ready for shipping to Europe and in mobilising supplies for storing during the summer.—Exchange.

### \$100,000,000 MONTHLY.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—The President and members of the Cabinet had a conference today and considered the plans for financing the Allies to the extent of 500 million dollars (about £100,000,000) monthly.

Of this total 250 million would be for England, 100 million for France and 150 million for Italy and Russia, and the present Loan Bill would be exhausted within six months.—Exchange.

## GERMAN THREATS.

THE HAGUE, Friday.—It is declared in well-informed quarters that Germany will to-morrow officially announce a ruthless submarine campaign against America.—Central News.

## "BRITISH ATTACKS FAIL WITH HEAVY LOSSES."

Germans Say Strong Artillery Fire  
Continues at Arras.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

On the Arras front the strong artillery fire continues in some sectors.

A renewed English attack on the Arras-Cambrai road failed with heavy losses.

**Afternoon Communiqué**.—On the battlefield of Arras the activity of the artillery again increased on both sides yesterday evening over a wide front.

To the south of the Scarpe the English attacked on both sides of the Arras-Cambrai road. They were repulsed with heavy losses.

**Crown Prince's Front**.—Along the Aisne and in the Champagne the artillery battle is gradually developing to greater violence.

Infantry engagements on the Chemin des Dames resulted in the capture of ground and prisoners.

## "WHO DARES TO DEFY HINDENBURG!"

General Groener's Angry  
Ukase to German Workers.

## 'COWARDS AND TRAITORS.'

The fear that strikes may be resumed in Germany on May 1 has made General Groener and Bethmann-Hollweg angry.

The full text of the former's proclamation to German armaments workers is, says the *Lokalanzeiger* (quoted by Reuter), as follows:—

"In the west, near Arras, on the Aisne and in Champagne our field-grey brothers are engaged in the greatest and bloodiest battle in the history of the world. Our army needs arms and munitions.

"Have you not read Marshal von Hindenburg's letter?

"Whoever strikes at home instead of working takes upon himself unpardonable guilt. Our field-greys must bleed for your faults.

"Who dares to defy Marshal von Hindenburg's call!"

"SCOUNDREL!"

"He is a scoundrel who strikes as long as our armies face the enemy.

"I herewith order that immediately in munition works of all kinds the high-spirited workers, courageous men and women, shall co-operate to explain to their comrades what the need of the hour and the future of the Fatherland demand from us all, namely, work, and again work, until the happy conclusion of the war.

"These courageous workers must proceed ruthlessly against all those who incite and agitate others to deprive the army of arms and munitions.

"Read and re-read Marshal von Hindenburg's letter again and again, and you will recognise where our worst enemies are.

"Not out there near Arras, on the Aisne, in Champagne—with them your field-grey sons and brothers will settle accounts.

"Not in London—with them our bluejackets on the U boats will thoroughly settle accounts.

"Our worst enemies are in the midst of us. They are the faint-hearted, and those who are much worse—namely, strike agitators.

### "TRAITORS!"

"These must be branded before the whole nation as traitors to the Fatherland.

"He is a coward who listens to their words.

"Read in the imperial penal code what Paragraph 89 says about high treason!"

"Who dares to refuse work when Marshal von Hindenburg demands it!"

"We are not far from the goal. The existence of our people is at stake. God speed your work!"

The Imperial Chancellor has addressed a letter to all the Federal Governments, in which he says:—

"The penal code threatens those who abet the enemy power, or who damage the war power of the German Empire or her allies, with severe punishment for high treason.

Whoever dishonourably and faithlessly attacks in the back our brave warriors in this holy war puts himself outside the community and will be punished with the full force of the law.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

## "THIS HORRIBLE WAR."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A telegram from Berlin says that the Independent Socialist Party Minority Party, in a sitting held on April 24, adopted the following resolution:—

"The manifestation of international solidarity is more than ever the duty of the working classes if this horrible world war is to be brought to a speedy and honourable termination.

"This idea will everywhere come home to workers, male and female, more especially on May 1.

Wherever this is possible they will raise their voices in support of the demands which are dearest to their hearts—namely, an eight hours day and a world of peace.

The *Tageblatt*, reproducing this resolution, says that it constitutes an appeal to workmen to celebrate May 1 by a strike.—Reuter.

### REVENGE ON STRIKERS.

BERLIN, Friday.—The German War Office has issued a decree ordering all men employed in munition factories whom the military authorities designate as "indispensable" to be immediately called up for active service and replaced by older men, the fathers of families, who are to be sent back to the front.

According to information received in Zurich Socialist circles from the German Minority Socialists, this decree, which is dated April 6, is aimed at the recent strikers who the authorities are now desirous of punishing by sending to the front.—Wireless Press.

ROME, Friday.—It is reported from Switzerland that fresh strikes have broken out in several German towns.

The newspapers appeal to the people to remain calm, stating that important events will shortly take place which will bring about peace before July.—Wireless Press.

## RAMSGATE SHELLED BY BRITISH CAPTURE MORE ENEMY DESTROYERS.

Two Killed and Three Injured—  
Twenty-one Houses Damaged.

### ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

On the night of April 26-27 several enemy destroyers opened fire from seaward in the direction of Ramsgate.

The fire was immediately returned, and the enemy were driven off after they had fired a large number of rounds.

### FROM LORD FRENCH.

The damage and casualties occasioned by the enemy during his bombardment of the East Kentish coast last night are as follow:—

KILLED: 1 man, 1 woman.

INJURED: 1 man, 2 women.

DAMAGE: 21 dwelling-houses, 2 stables

—1 horse killed.

The larger number of the projectiles fell in the open country.

(Stories of the raid will be found on page 11.)

## INCREASING GUN FIRE ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

Positions Carried at Moronvilliers  
—Guns Now Total 130.

### FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Both armies showed marked activity in the region to the north-west of Rheims and in Champagne. There was no infantry action.

In the course of the day the 25th three German aeroplanes were brought down by our pilots. Six other enemy machines seriously damaged were either obliged to land or fell in their lines.

Last night one of our bombardment squadrons dropped several projectiles on the stations and bivouacs in the region of Ribemont, Crecu-Serre (Aisne).

**Afternoon**.—The artillery struggle was fairly lively south of St. Quentin in the sector of Nanteuil la Fosse-Sancy and in the direction of Ville aux Bois.

During the night the Germans attempted at various points of our front to make raids and partial attacks, which were easily beaten back.

The enemy sustained appreciable losses, notably at the western edge of the Forest of St. Gobain, in the sector of Rheims and north-west of Ambrive.

On our side we made several successful minor operations in the regions of Hurbise and of Comy. We gained some ground and took about forty prisoners.

In the Moronvilliers Massif we carried several positions and occupied a point d'appui. During a raid on the German lines at the Bois le Pretre, our detachments inflicted heavy losses on the Germans, destroyed some dugouts and brought back prisoners.

The number of guns we have taken from the enemy during the battle which began on April 16 has now reached 130.

Foe Abandon Rifles in Flight  
Near St. Quentin.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

8.34 P.M.—There is nothing of special interest to report from the battle front.

Yesterday activity in the air was again marked.

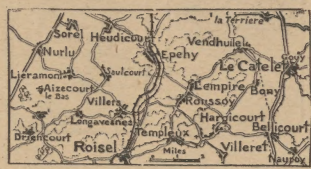
In air fighting seven German aeroplanes were brought down and six others driven down out of control.

One hostile balloon was also destroyed. Six of our aeroplanes are missing.

11.45 A.M.—The enemy made an unsuccessful minor attack last night upon our positions in the neighbourhood of Fayet, north-west of St. Quentin.

His troops were driven off with loss after sharp fighting and left a number of prisoners in our hands.

During the night we captured the quarries on the eastern outskirts of Hargicourt (just



over nine miles north-north-west of St. Quentin). The enemy fled hurriedly, abandoning rifles and equipment.

Other successful local operations were carried out by us in the neighbourhood of the Arras-Cambrai road and on the spur between Reux and Gavrelle. Important enemy positions were captured by us at both points.

North-west of Lens a German raiding party was caught by our machine-gun fire and failed to reach our trenches.

## 23 GENERALS RECALLED.

PETROGRAD, Friday.—As a result of General M. Gutchkoff's visit to the south-western front, twenty-three generals, including some generals of division, have been replaced. On all the fronts no fewer than 114 officers holding higher commands have been replaced.

## TURKS' HASTY RETREAT.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

During Tuesday night the 13th Turkish Army Corps retreated hastily up both banks of the Shatt-el-Adhain towards the Jebel Hamrin hills, whence they had issued a few days previously.

## MAKING A ROADWAY FOR HEAVY TRAFFIC ACROSS A DESERT.



Thanks to the skill and ingenuity of the Royal Engineers, Sinai is no longer a trackless desert. It is only the road and railway construction which has made possible our steady

advance and the maintenance of our long line of communication. Here infantrymen are seen collecting scrub to make the track suitable for heavy transport.

## HOW A YORKSHIRE BANK TEACHES THRIFT.



Thrift is taught to children in Yorkshire by means of the school transfer bank system. They hand in their pence each week, and when their deposits reach £1 the money is transferred to the Yorkshire Penny Bank. Many now hold War Saving Certificates.

## DIDN'T STAY AT HOME.



Lieutenant Leslie Faber (M.G.C.), awarded the M.C. He is an actor, and is here seen in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," the last part he played. This was in America.

## SPRINGTIME IN LONDON.



The fine weather attracted many people to the Park yesterday. This snapshot was taken in Rotten Row.

## SIX MISSING MEN.



Lee-Cpl. E. C. Barrett (K.R.R.C.). Write to 48, Shelgate-road, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11.



Pte. Thomas Ward (London Regiment). Write to Mary Ward, Anstey, Hill View-road, Woking.



Pte. Burgess (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers). Write to 25, Nettleton-road, New Cross, London, S.E.



Lee-Cpl. O. Finch-White (R.B.). Write to 33, Fairbridge-road, Upper Holloway, London, N.13.



Driver E. H. Evans (R.F.A.). Write to Mrs. E. Davies, St. Clements, Salters-road, Parkstone.



2nd Lieut. V. C. H. Young (Essex Regiment). Write to Mrs. W. Young, Squirrel's Heath, Romford.

## TRAINING AIRWOMEN.



Mrs. Waldo Porcee, who was refused permission to enlist in the United States Flying Corps. She is now giving free tuition to young women who intend to offer their services as pilots.

## NO GOOD SHOUTING "FORE" TO THE LAMBS.



The golf course at Sandy Lodge is being used as a grazing ground for about 350 sheep and lambs. Note the dog watching the putt.

# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1917.

## NOT "IMPOSSIBLE!"

YESTERDAY afternoon Mr. Lloyd George said at the Guildhall, in reference to the submarine peril, that he had "never seen a human problem which is not soluble," and that he did "not believe this is any exception."

It was a plucky phrase, characteristic of the speaker. And it was a better device, a better phrase, than the device of *It can't be done*, too often employed or uttered by other "high authorities" during recent weeks, in reference to this very problem.

In matters of life and death, indeed, the word "impossible" cannot exist. He who says a thing is "impossible" in a big war makes himself impossible by saying it. We want men tempted by the impossible. For the phrase *It can't be done* we want, from brave men, the resolution *We will do it*.

For the rest, it is good to hear that the plan of telling the public the truth is now being more faithfully followed.

That has already had two results.

The first is (we hope) that the public is awake, if not alarmed, about the food question.

The second is that the truth is being boldly told, not only to the public, but to some other people as well. Yesterday's newspapers—especially the *Daily Chronicle*—were indeed full of the expected outburst about the Admiralty.

As to that outburst we want to be allowed to say one thing—that it was as inevitable, as certain to come, as, according to some people at the Admiralty, the achievements of the submarine are inevitable.

The Admiralty expects—and largely gets—immunity from criticism. But immunity from criticism in a big war of life and death never continues for long. What happens is that people wait, people bottle up criticism, the newspapers are polite, the old, old arguments are trotted out for a time. We hear about "Don't encourage the Hun!" and "Hush, hush." And then, suddenly, all the louder by reason of the preliminary hushing and bottling, we get—bang!—an outburst of criticism like a shell exploding—yesterday's shells from half a dozen newspapers in the land.

Now Mr. Lloyd George has spoken, these criticisms will be softened, because Mr. Lloyd George's maxim is: "There is nothing impossible to him who tries—there is no human problem that is not soluble." We accept his gallant guarantee.

At the same time, it is not enough to say, as some say, that we should have avoided this crisis, had we followed a better land policy from the beginning of the war. It remains to be proved that, by any land policy, we can fully feed forty-five millions of people here at home. And a vigorous agricultural policy, meanwhile, must go together with a vigorous sea policy. Foresight in agriculture is after all only parrying the blow. To prevent the blow coming is another thing needed. Defence is good, offence better.

This is so obvious that the neglect of it has called forth the criticism yesterday rampant—the big shells and little hand grenades flying towards Whitehall, almost at the same moment as other shells were winging their futile way towards Ramsgate.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Repose and happiness thou dost covet, But these are only to be obtained by labour.—Thomas à Kempis.

## TRIBULATIONS OF A BACK-GARDENER.

### ADVICE OFFERED ME SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.

By A MERE AMATEUR.

I CALL my garden a back-garden, out of modesty. But really it is little more.

It is in the country—within an hour of town. But it is small. It is not much larger than many a garden in London.

Still, when the war began, I claim to have had the foresight to suppose that my small garden, and the field beyond, might turn out useful.

None of my near neighbours then anticipated a food shortage. Were we not lords of the sea? Were not the able editors writing at great length about "sea-power"? The idea

be self-supporting. Grow potatoes! Grow fowls! Grow cattle!

More months passed. . . .

I woke up one morning to find in my *Mirror*, a note about fowls. I will not quote the Board of Agriculture's official note, but will merely summarise it. Roughly it said: "Don't keep fowls!"

"DO" AND "DON'T."

What! I looked out of the window at one of the fowls that had turned my back garden into a barnyard. The wretch was clucking vigorously. Don't keep fowls! Or only keep fowls that don't eat. We want all our food. Fowls eat. They mustn't eat. Or if they do eat it must only be scraps. You are feeding your fowls only on scraps? And the pig? Very well. Then you may go on keeping on.

I sighed with relief, until, next day, I came upon a Food-Economy article headed "No Scraps." How to avoid scraps! Scraps a

## ONE THING THE WAR HAS NOT ABOLISHED!



The bore. He or she has merely changed a little and grown rather worse, one of his or her main subjects being the "long war," and the general length of everything, including the conversation. And as the Bore grows more tiresome, the listener seems to sink away!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

of sea-powerlessness crossed nobody's mind. Yet something made me think that my usual roses and decorative plants were out of place. "Business as usual," said my neighbours—meaning, apparently, "lawn tennis as before." I looked sadly at the neat little lawn. . . .

Months passed and shipping prices went up while ships went down. . . .

I began to add to the few fowls I kept. I began to grow more potatoes. "Keep fowls!" said the official people. "Increase the number of live stock!" said they. "Potatoes! Grow potatoes!" they added.

I followed the suggestions. In my amateurish way I did fairly well with my fowls and potatoes, though certainly I prefer roses and I find something very antipathetic in the actions or antics and the ceaseless cluck, cluck of fowls. Still, one has to

sin just now. There ought to be none. Feed the fowls only on scraps, and don't have any scraps to feed them on. It was the official message. And again it gravely discouraged me.

Especially as, at the same time, another piece of official advice resounded in the newspapers. Crops and allotments! Nothing any use but the cropping of an allotment. Bread needed. Grow bread. . . . I looked, almost with loathing, at those beastly fowls. Positively, at that moment, one of them—a fat one—was eating crumbs. Food hog!

That brings me to the pig. Undoubtedly the pig ate a great deal. And as I was wondering at the size and eating (as well as edible) capacity and potentiality of the pig, I came upon the President of the Board of Agriculture's announcement of April 14—*reduce livestock! Kill calves! Kill most*

## RATIONS OR SAVING?

### THE CHOICE FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

#### THE FOOD HOG AND OTHERS.

"W. M." seems to hold that rations will cause bitter heart-burning and distress.

I dare say there will be much "grousing" over them. But many of us, on the other hand, will be glad to get them. Because by them the Food-Hog will be suppressed.

At present we say: "Why should some of us starve in order that the Food-Hog should overeat?"

M. E.

#### DECIDED.

"R. M. E." writes: "I am sure our people do not really believe in the food shortage, what is needed is to rub it in."

As stated in the newspapers recently, "It has been decided to reduce the bread ration of the Army, and the question of reducing the bread ration of German prisoners is under consideration."

Perhaps some of us will believe in the food shortage if German prisoners' rations are reduced before our Army's.

Until that happens, I'm afraid we are getting it rubbed in the wrong way. F.

#### PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

WHAT possible church can your correspondent attend that he or she hears no prayer for our men at the front?

Here, in Grayshott, at all three services (children's included) we have several prayers each Sunday, and at least of one, generally two, prayers at each daily service, besides a special prayer for both soldiers and sailors, which is sung kneeling at the close of evening service.

Once a month, too, the children have a special Intercession service, and so long as at least half a dozen people attended a service was held monthly at 8 p.m., making mention by name of all men serving from this parish.

Believe me, the fault is not in the Church, but in those of us who fail to take our part in making it life-helpful still, as ever, strives to be.

Does not your correspondent consider the words at the end of the prayer for the "Church Militant" as a prayer for the dead?

Let us be fair and lay the blame where it belongs. F. Q.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 27. — Carrots should be sown at this date. They must be given ground that has not been recently manured, but the soil should first be deeply dug over and made as friable as possible. If at all heavy, mix it with plenty of ashes from the garden fire or wood ashes.

Sow in drills that run about 1 ft. apart. The seed can be separated out by mixing it with a little sand. When the young plants appear, dust the foliage with ashes and scout every few days and carefully hoe between the rows. Thin the plants out in good time. E. F. T.

things. They eat too much. "More babies." But no pigs.

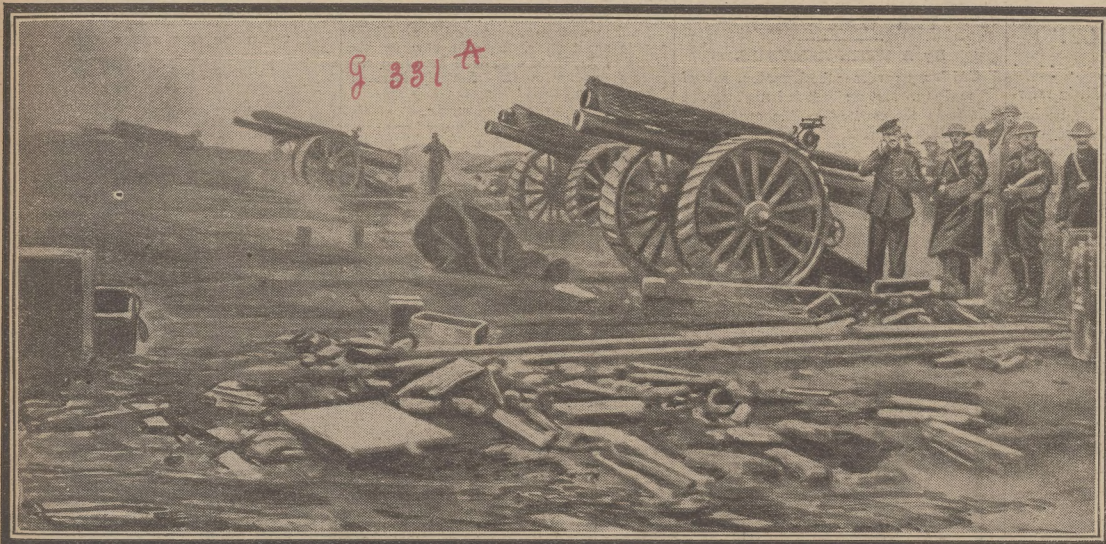
I looked—indeed I am still looking—at the pig. And as I look I confess an awful thought occurs to me. Could I kill the pig and feed the fowls on him? Or would it be better for the country if I were to kill the fowls and feed the pig on them? Or should I kill them both, and eat them, and save bread?

I don't know. I am in utter confusion. Every day a new change in policy from the Board of Agriculture. It is getting on my nerves—worrying me. At times I know not what to do. Often I feel like lying down flat on my back on what was once the lawn and letting the fowls peck me to death.

Indeed, I am in such a muddle that I'm not sure whether the pig might not peck me to death and the fowls tread on me with their trotters.

# BRITISH BATTERY POUNDING THE GERMAN LINES.

# FAMOUS ACT



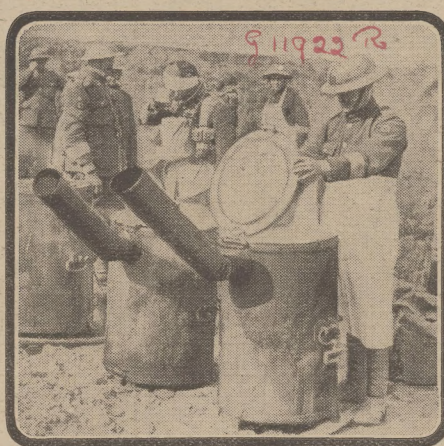
All the prisoners agree as to the devastating effect of our artillery, which has inflicted enormous losses on Hindenburg's troops.—(Official photograph.)

## ENCOUNTER WITH A PIRATE.



Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, with Captain Emery Rice, of the American steamer Mongolia, who believes his gunners sank a U boat. Its periscope was shattered.

## APPRECIATED BY THE WOUNDED.



Boiling cookers of tea for the wounded just behind the line in France. Nothing more welcome than a drink could be given to the men.—(Official photograph.)

## NEW PREMIER.



Dr. Afonso Costa, to be both Premier and Finance Minister of Portugal. He recently visited England.

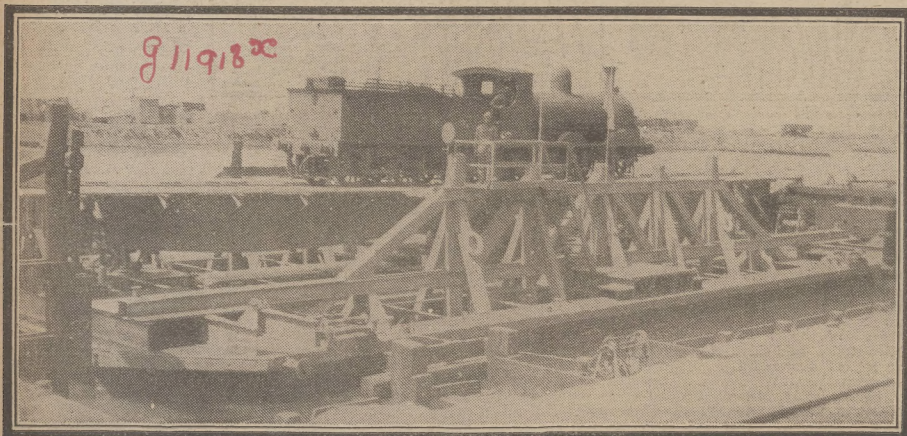
Miss Violet Vanbrugh leaving

## ANZAC AS SHEPHERD.



A wounded Australian soldier, formerly a sheep farmer, who is helping to look after the sheep and lambs which are grazing on Sandy Lodge golf course, near London.

## WILL KNOW WATERLOO NO MORE TILL AFTER THE WAR.



A London and South-Western Railway Company's engine which is now engaged on war work in Egypt.



Mr. A. Miss Violet Vanbrugh (chier) was yesterday the restitut

## THE RO



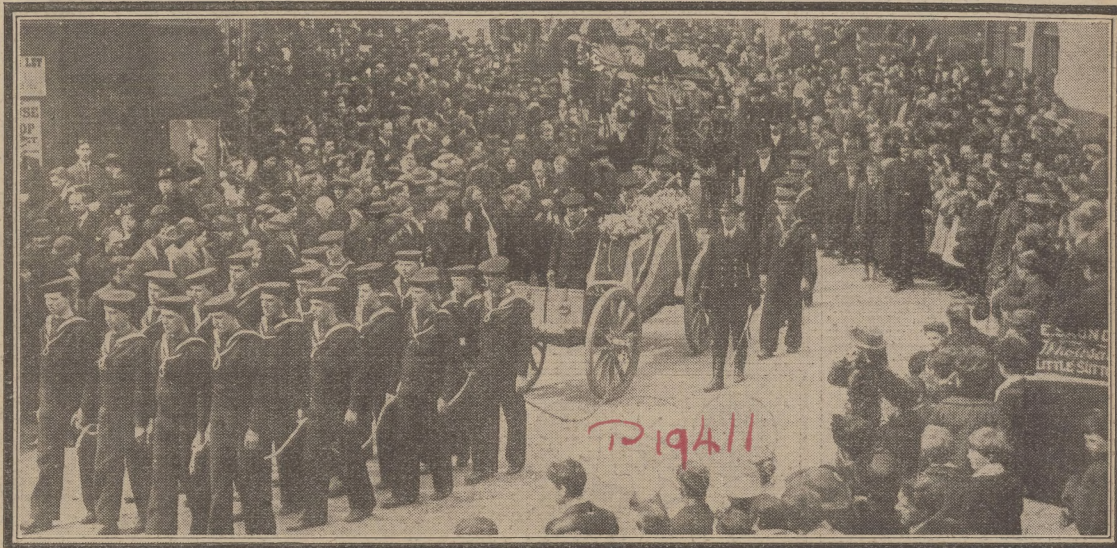
Lieut. Pittis, killed action in Palestine. He lived in the island of Wight.

# PETITION

# A HERO OF THE CHANNEL FIGHT BURIED IN LONDON.



With Sir Charles Russell.



The cortege leaving Bailey's home in Alfred-street, Islington, whither the body was brought from Dover on Tuesday night.

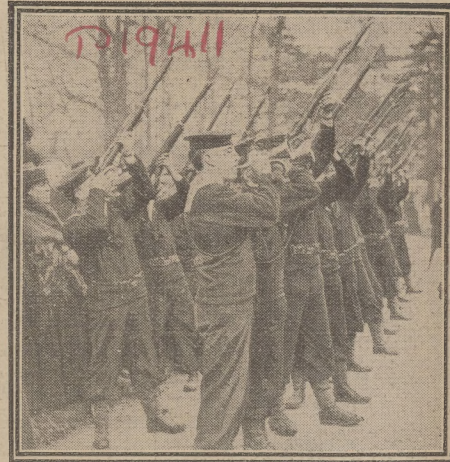
## ENGAGEMENT.



Diana Caroline, daughter of Sir Guy and the Hon. Lady Grant, to marry Mr. Denis Mackail. — (Swaine.)



Men from the Broke carried the coffin.



Firing a volley and sounding the "Last Post."

## A JEST ABOUT FRITZ?



Seated in a gap in the wall of their home which was made by a Boche shell, two of the undaunted daughters of France joke with two soldiers on the pavement below.



The scene at the graveside at the cemetery at East Finchley. Bailey is seen in the circle.

North London turned out in tens of thousands yesterday to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to Chief Stoker Frederick Robert Bailey, of H.M.S. Broke, one of the gallant sailors who were killed in the destroyer action in the Channel. Bailey, who was twenty-eight years of age, took part in the battle of Horn's Reef, when he was wounded. Wreaths were sent by the crew of the Broke, by Midshipman Gyles, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Islington. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)



# IN A GILDED CAGE

By MARK ALLERTON



Frank Bettison.

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**PEGGY LORRAINE**, a charming girl who has loved Frank since her childhood for years, since he was a child.

**FRANK BETTISON**, a strong man, who goes abroad to make fortune for Peggy.

**CLIVE HARLOWE**, Frank's friend. He also loves Peggy, and he gets her to promise to marry him, knowing that Frank has returned.

FRANK BETTISON returns to England to claim Peggy Lorraine, the girl he loves. Directly he arrives Frank communicates with his old friend, Clive Harlowe.

Frank tells him that the thought of Peggy has kept him straight all the time. "Peggy," repeats Harlowe. "What is her other name?"

"Lorraine," says Frank. "Peggy Lorraine; the dearest and best little girl that was ever born. Do you know her, Clive?"

Harlowe hesitates. "Yes," he admits, "I know her!"

"Tell me everything you can," cries Frank enthusiastically. But Clive says that he knows very little. He conceals the fact that he wants to marry Peggy, although for a long time he has been pressing a hopeless suit.

He leaves abruptly and goes straight to Peggy. "You must make up your mind," he says. "If you will give me your promise I shall be content to wait; but I can't bear this uncertainty."

Peggy promises to write him at once. "Peggy writes to Clive," she tells him, that she will marry him, and that she will try to be very good to him.

She goes out to post the letter. On her return the maid tells her that a gentleman has called to see her. He has not given a name—his visit was to be a surprise.

Full of forebodings, Peggy goes towards the drawing-room. Before she reaches it, the door is thrown open—Frank Bettison is standing before her. Dazed and overwhelmed, Peggy goes into the drawing-room.

Frank is enthusiastic. He is delighted to be back. "Have you forgotten?" he asks Peggy. "Have you forgotten our talks? Have you forgotten one thing in particular?"

"I forgot," replies Peggy. "I cannot understand; and when Peggy reproaches him for having stayed away so long he feels that she is right."

He leaves her. Then he makes up his mind that he will make a great fight for his happiness. Peggy realises that she has made a mistake, but she is determined to carry out her promise.

Perhaps, she thinks, Clive has not received her letter. In the hope of being able to intercept it, she goes to Clive's rooms very early in the morning.

Clive is having breakfast when Peggy is announced. Peggy tells Harlowe that she feels she has made a mistake. He taunts her, and offers to release her.

He hands Peggy her letter, and she takes it. But when Frank Bettison is announced, Peggy returns the letter hurriedly to Clive.

Frank is surprised to find Peggy with Clive Harlowe. She says that she has come to ask his advice. Peggy leaves the two men together.

Frank questions Clive. He demands an explanation of Peggy's presence. Clive at first refuses to speak, but Frank tells him that he must know the truth.

Clive says he is engaged to Peggy; and he explains that he could not tell Frank before, as he had not been permitted to do so.

Frank apologises, and the two men shake hands. A look of triumph comes into Clive's eyes.

## CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

FRANK BETTISON humbled himself before his friend. He felt that he had made an unpardonable mistake and that nothing he could say would be sufficient reparation.

"The fact is, Clive, I'm a savage. There's no other word for me," he declared. "I've lived too long out in the wilds to be anything else. I'll get into trouble in this London of yours. I can see that clearly," he added whimsically. "Seems to me the sooner I clear out of it again the better."

Clive Harlowe grasped at a straw. "Only wish I could," he sighed. "It's a pretty poor place to spend a lot of time in."

"I thought you couldn't bear to live anywhere else?"

"I must live where my living is, mustn't I?" responded the other. "But it's different with you. You've made your pile, haven't you?"

"Not by a long chalk. I've come to last me for a bit of a holiday, but I must be getting busy again soon. I don't suppose there's much doing in my line in this old town."

"You'd miss the freedom and the open air, and—and all that sort of thing, wouldn't you?" suggested Clive.

"I dare say. Not that I've had much freedom where I've been. Unless you call working from dawn to dusk freedom. Most of what you read about work abroad is hot air. Work's work, wherever it is, only out there it's hard work. I may go back, I don't know."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"And in the meantime?" "I don't know that either. I'm at a loose end. You see," he was able to smile, "you've rather taken me a good deal from under the Clive. I had a good many plans made—one can make a good many plans in ten years, you know—but there's not one of them possible now."

"I say, Frank," burst out the other, "you mustn't be so mad with me. For winning Peggy, I mean."

"Mad with you? Not I. My dear Clive, the only man I'm mad with is myself. I ought never to have let you win her. I had all the time I let them all go. No, I'm not mad with you. You've stood a lot from me this morning, and you're willing to overlook it, and I'm grateful. I'm glad—yes, I'm glad that Peggy's going to marry a man I know—one who I know will look after her. After all, it was part of my job to find that man, wasn't it?"

"It's awfully good of you to put it like that," cried Clive.

"There's no other way to put it. I must be off now. I've got a call to make."

When he had gone Clive Harlowe sank limply into a chair. He had come through the ordeal of his life. He told himself that no other man could have come through it so easily and so fully. But the ordeal had seared and scorched him. All that was best in Clive Harlowe had been consumed in its fire.

Presently he went out. He drove to a jeweller and bought a very costly and beautiful diamond ring. And in the evening he went to Peggy's flat and there he gave it to her, and then Aunt Gwen, who was quick to notice it, upbraided them both for keeping their secret from her and showered rapturous congratulations upon them.

That night Clive Harlowe slept uneasily. Again and again he assured himself that he had had the best day of his life. He had snatched victory out of the jaws of disaster. He was engaged to Peggy. He was still the friend of Frank Bettison—two very different relationships, but he took all the credit to himself. He had won, he would have said, by bold strategy, tact and diplomacy.

But all the strategy, tact and diplomacy in the world could not give him an easy conscience nor, that he valued more, complete confidence in the future. He had uneasy, indefinite dreams, suggestive of ill-fortune. He felt oppressed, as though he were groping through a miasma under a heavy cloud.

During one of his wakeful hours he fell to wishing that he had broken right away with Bettison. Why hadn't he? There would have been a row, of course—an awful row. But what could Bettison have done? Nothing at all. All was fair in love, and Bettison had lost.

As it was, he never knew when Bettison would find out. If he did, then the row was only postponed. Clive Harlowe blamed himself for his lack of courage. He ought to have told Bettison at their very first meeting that he was as good as engaged to Peggy, that he insisted on Bettison not spoiling his chances by a dramatic return. He was not so sure, after all, that he had carried the matter through in the best possible manner.

At that he sought to assure himself that the deed that he meant, that he had won Peggy, and that nothing else mattered. But he wished that he could see Frank Bettison back in the wilderness he had come from. Bettison in London was a constant source of danger.

He was not so sure, after all, that he had got rid of Bettison.

## SHADOWS OF DOUBT.

AFTER leaving Harlowe, Frank Bettison went to his solicitors in the City. On giving his name he was at once admitted into the private room of the senior partner. He was warmly greeted, and many inquiries were addressed to him as to his health and experiences. Bettison cut them short.

"You've been getting my letters all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. With the utmost regularity."

"And you've carried out my instructions?"

"Yes. We have transmitted the money every quarter as you wished."

"I gather you managed to keep things dark?"

"Yes, we've been successful. But not without a little difficulty, though," smiled the other.

"Miss Roland called about—let me see—it must be getting on for two years ago. She wanted to know where the money was coming from."

"What did you tell her?"

"What I suggested. I should tell her, namely, that the money was the interest on a sum of money invested in her name by an old friend of Mr. Lorraine's for the benefit of Miss Peggy Lorraine. I explained the benefactor's name as Mr. Lorraine's friend, and she was satisfied, and that she was necessarily the beneficiary."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to know the name of Mr. Lorraine's friend."

Frank Bettison smiled. "Did you tell her?" he asked.

"I did. I told her his name was James Robertson. She said she had never heard Mr. Lorraine mention his name. I expressed my surprise."

"Yes. She asked if she mightn't have the capital instead of the interest."

Here Frank Bettison laughed outright. "And she said that?" he asked.

"I said that it was quite impossible. I explained, with the maximum amount of legal jargon, just how impossible it was."

"And she said—?" "She expressed her opinion that it was all very silly. I am not sure whether she referred to my law or to myself."

"Never mind. You've done splendidly. I cried Frank Bettison."

"And now that you have come back what are we to do?" asked the solicitor.

"Keep on as you are doing," said Bettison.

"At least, until I instruct you to the contrary. Miss Lorraine is engaged to be married."

The eyes of the older man twinkled. "Ah, I could have guessed that!" he said.

"Mr. Clive Harlowe," added Bettison stolidly. "Of course, when the marriage actually takes place you will find some way of causing this legacy to evaporate."

He took a few notes for formality's sake. Then he said: "I congratulate you, Mr. Bettison, on making your fortune so quickly."

"I have made no fortune."

"But a very handsome allowance—"

"Never mind that," he rose. "Well, now you know what I want you to do. I won't detain you longer." The interview was at an end.

Frank Bettison made his way through the crowded streets of London. On all sides of him there surged busy men and women—people with something to do. In the whole of London there was nothing that his hand might turn to at that moment. The whole of London there was nobody to whom he might go for half an hour's friendly conversation. He did not know where to find any of his old friends save Clive. Even if he had known he was not now in the mood to do so. He would answer their questions. He had no wish again to revisit the scenes of early days. They would only depress him now.

He did not know what to do. He envied these busy people around him. He began to regret the days he had left behind him. They had been comparatively happy days—full of hard work, often overcast with clouds, no doubt, but shining through them the star that beckoned him on.

And now he was at a loose end. Everything that he had come back to the old country for had failed him. He wanted to go back—to go anywhere, he would have said, so long as he could be doing something, so that he would have no time to regret.

He walked westwards, and many were the people who looked after the big, loose-limbed figure. They had noted his tanned skin and the wonderful blue of his eyes, and they had said to themselves:

"Colonial—over for a spree."

They would have smiled to have been told that he was a love-sick Londoner come back to his native land to receive the hardest blow that had yet been dealt him.

He wandered into the spacious lounge of his hotel and wondered why he had ever selected that lonely luxury of the Majestic. He ordered a cocktail and paid for it, and was amazed at its cost.

"If everything here is on this scale I'll be cleaned out before I know where I am," he muttered to himself. "I'll have to see about fixing up somewhere else."

And then he fell to wondering if the next best place in which he might fix up would not be the berth of a liner.

The plan failed to interest him, and he went to a desk to write a letter. It was a letter he shrank from writing, but it had to be written. He pondered for a long time, smoking many cigarettes, and began:

"My dear Peggy—When you had gone this morning Clive told me about your engagement to him. It wasn't his fault he told me. He couldn't get out of it very well, and I take all the blame. Will you believe me when I say I'm glad? I am glad, for Clive is a very good man, and I've congratulated him for all I'm worth. I wanted to marry you myself, as you know, but you've made a wise choice, for twenty-four hours I've been over here have proved to me that I've got a lot to learn. I am out of my element here. I wish you all the happiness in the world, Peggy, and I'll come over and give you my good wishes in person before I go away—Your sincere friend, FRANK BETTISON."

He read the letter carefully, frowned at it, and sealed it. Then he lit another cigarette.

Two men were talking at the other side of the double desk. He glanced at them carelessly. They were talking of commonplace matters of the business men. "I should buy, if I were you," he heard one say. "Who's your broker?"

"Dixon and Harlowe."

The first speaker grunted.

"Don't you like 'em?"

"Oh, they're all right," was the reply. "Sound enough, and that. But I don't like young Harlowe, somehow. He's too sharp for me."

"I never trust a man who's made money so quickly. But, of course, I'm old-fashioned."

Frank Bettison loathed eavesdropping, and he rose and moved away. But his brows were drawn.

"I guess I'll stay on here a bit longer," he said to himself.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.



Peggy Lorraine.

## A QUITE EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

# RACKSTRAW'S

Upper St., London, N.

have purchased a large number of Exhibits at the

## DRAPERS' EXHIBITION

(Agricultural Hall), comprising the New Season's Model **Costumes, Coat Frocks, Dresses, &c.**, the whole of which will be offered, together with many other attractive items, at a

# SPECIAL SALE

commencing

**MONDAY NEXT, APRIL 30.**

This is an occasion which should not be accounted missed. Not only are the goods actual examples of the latest and best—specially prepared for exhibition, but the prices throughout will be equally attractive, in many cases fully **one-third less than usual prices.** To judge the values the goods must be seen, but some idea of the range and variety of stock can be gathered from the following examples—

COAT & SKIRT COSTUMES in fine Coating Serge, In Navy, Nigger Brown, Bottle Green, Grey, Black and Drab. Ordinary price 42/- to 63/-	30/-	40/-
BEAUTIFUL GOWNS in Eolian, Taffeta, Satin, &c. Half usual prices.	20/-	30/-
LADIES' WATERPROOF TRENCH COATS in the Regulation Shape	20/-	30/-
RICH MOIRE & TAFFETA SILK COATS in three shapes.	30/-	40/-
COAT FROCKS. Very smart styles in Drab, Grey, Navy, Nigger, Bottle and Black.	30/-	40/-
LADIES' SHOWERPROOF COATS. CRAPPE-DE-CHINE BLOUSES. All sizes. In all colours and Black.	20/-	12/-
VOILE BLOUSES. Revers front, trimmed Val. lace.	16/-	18/-
NEW SEASON'S DRESS GOODS	5/-	

Far Below To-day's Prices. Remarkable Bargains.

ALPACA SUITINGS, Navy, with White Pin Stripe, 40in. wide. To-day's Value 3/-	2/3
CRAVENETTE SUITING, wide. Putty and Dark Fawn. To-day's Value 5/11	3/11
TUSSORE MATTING, Double Width, superior to Shantung in wear and appearance. To-day's Value 2/-	1/6
DRESS CHECKS, 48in. wide, Black and White only. To-day's Value 2/-	1/2
SHANTUNG SILK COATING, 36in. wide. To-day's Value 4/11. Cannot cut patterns. To-day's Value 2/-	2/11
SILK AND WOOL ARMURES, 42in. wide, Black only. To-day's Value 5/11	3/11
SATIN STRIPE POPLIN, 40in. wide. Black only. To-day's Value 2/-	1/9
WASHING UNDERSKIRTS, latest shapes. Tussore, Butcher, Sax, Light Grey, also pretty stripes. To-day's Value 2/11	2/-

## EXHIBITION WOLSEY UNDERWEAR

at prices that cannot be repeated till long after the War is over. Ladies' COMBIS, TIONS, VESTS, BODICES, SPENCERS. Also Gentlemen's PANTS and VESTS.

WOLSEY BODICES & SPENCERS. White or Natural	6/3
WOLSEY LADIES' COMBIS. TIONS, White or Natural	10/9
WOLSEY LADIES' STOCKINGS. Plain or Ribbed, Black only	2/6

EXHIBITION ART SILK "KNITROYAL" SPORTS COATS. In all leading colours	20/-	25/-	30/-
KNITTED WOOL COATS, useful for indoor or street wear	10/-	15/-	18/-
CHILDREN'S ART SILK SPORTS COATS	7/6		

LADIES' WALKING SHOES. Remarkable Value. Glace Kid, wide-toe-laced Shoes, Patent toe-cap, low heels, suitable for girl's wear. To-day's Value 12/11	9/11
GLACE KID LACED SHOES. Patent or Glace caps; the celebrated Cinderella make. To-day's value 10/11	10/11
SMART DARK GREY CLOTH COURT SHOES. Patent toe-cap, Cuban. Louis heels, stout welts and soles. To-day's value 10/8	10/11

Doors will be opened at 9 o'clock, and early attendance is anticipated, in view of the exceptional bargains.

# RACKSTRAW'S

Upper Street, London, N.1

Easy to reach by Train, Tram and Bus.



The latest portrait of Lady Harrington, who was married last Saturday.



The latest portrait of Lady Curzon, wife of Lord Curzon.

## THE LEAN WEEKS.

Bread Tickets Now Seem To Be a Certainty.

IT SEEMS to be now certain that we are to be rationed. The first aspect of food compulsion will be the issue of bread tickets. In order to win the war we have got to make large and increasingly heavy sacrifices.

### The Last Resource.

WHEN I LAST saw Mr. Kennedy Jones he told me that he was personally very much averse to the adoption of compulsion in the matter of foodstuffs. But since then the matter has become so serious and the situation so grave that nothing but the most drastic measures can defeat the work of the U-boats.

### Too Many Meals.

A DOCTOR with whom I chatted yesterday about the prospects of compulsory rationing said: "It won't hurt us. We eat too much. If we are compelled to live on less than half our present food allowance it will do us immense good physically. Stout gentlemen and ladies will be surprised and pleased to find that their waist-lines will return."

### Crowded Restaurants.

WE HEAR a lot of talk about the lean weeks, but the restaurant business seems to be better than ever. Romano's was crowded yesterday. Even the Duke of Manchester found difficulty in getting a table.

### The Muse on the Bench.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING has not altogether abandoned his literary pursuits. Some excellent verses signed "C. J. D.," which appeared in a London evening paper a few nights ago, were from the Judge's pen.

### The First Shot—

I MET Captain Emery Price, the commander of the Mongolia, at the Savoy yesterday morning. A tall, dark, clean-shaven man, with a tight-fitting blue serge suit, he looked the typical embodiment of the American seaman. He was chatting with Mr. Skinner, the American Consul-General, and seemed, I thought, a little embarrassed at the congratulations which were being showered upon him for having commanded the vessel that fired the first American shot of the war.

### —And the Marksmen.

WITH HIM was Lieutenant Bruce Ware, who ordered the shot to be fired. He is a small man, of rather boyish appearance, with a hearty, ringing laugh. Referring to his already historic exploit, he remarked: "We hit the darned son of a gun, anyhow. Whether we sunk her's another matter."

### The New Hamlet.

I ALMOST THOUGHT that another miracle had happened and that the new Savoy Theatre had become transformed into the old Lyceum on Thursday night. Because I entered the house with Sir Squire Bancroft, and his presence suggested the days of another Irving's Hamlet. Of course, "H. B.'s" Hamlet is interesting. He is an actor with so strong a personality that any character he portrays is bound to have interest.



Mr. H. B. Irving.

fashioned that we cannot entirely enjoy "Hamlet" simply as a play of incident.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### Premier in the City.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE looked particularly well at the Mansion House yesterday when he was presented with the freedom of the City of London. He seemed to be very much impressed by the remarkable enthusiasm which his presence aroused in a city which is the heart and soul of conservatism.

### At the Luncheon.

AMONGST THOSE who were present at the luncheon which followed the presentation at the Mansion House I noticed Lord Derby and Mr. Arthur Henderson, who chatted for a few moments with the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Winston Churchill and General Smuts came in a little later. The band played the "March of the Men of Harlech" in honour of the Premier.

### The Great Unknown.

STANDING on the pavement in King-street and watching the arrivals at the Guildhall, I was struck with the failure of the public to recognise our greatest public men. Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, M.P.s, Judges, merchant princes and ex-Lord Mayors arrived in rapid succession and passed unrecognised.

### Gone to France.

MRS. ELMOR GLYN, I hear, has gone to France to look after her wonderful house in Paris. I should like to see Mrs. Glyn's diary on her return, for crossing the Channel just now is a mighty exciting experience to which a novelist could do justice. Mrs. Glyn keeps a careful record of each day and has a diary ranging over several years.

### "Cheap," but Successful.

IT SEEMS now to be generally agreed that "Cheap." Mr. Harry Grattan's new revue at the Vaudeville Theatre, has scored a wonderful war-time success. I am not surprised.



Mr. Harry Grattan.



Mrs. Harry Grattan.

It contains some of Mr. Grattan's best wit and many of his important human touches. Amongst the charming ladies who support Miss Lee White in the production is Miss Violet Grey, who happens to be Mrs. Harry Grattan. The whole show is quite a family affair.

### War Butcher in 1920.

A RACING HUMORIST writes to me that when racing has ceased, or, rather, been reduced to just a "trial" basis for horses, and meat is scarce, the following advertisements may be expected two or three years hence:—"Prime cuts from a Derby favourite, who was a failure. Backers can now have their revenge by eating him."

### Bookmakers and Employees.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN to the hundreds of bookmakers and their employees if they are put out of business? I am asked. They are resourceful men, and would find a way—perhaps to induce the Government to issue premium or lottery bonds. But what price preparing for the next football season? There is scope in that.

### Early Closing.

MOLLY, aged four, to her sister, softly: Dolly, the daisies have all shut up—it's early closing day!

### Things We Like to Hear.

THAT THE FOOD HOG is to be curbed. That people are realising the necessity of food economy.

That we shan't mind being "lean and hungry" if it balks the Hun's blockade.

### Irish Tribute to T. P.

SEVERAL PROMINENT Dublin citizens are, I hear from my Dublin correspondent, coming to London to make a presentation to Mr. T. P. O'Connor on behalf of the Dublin Port and Docks Board in recognition of his services on the question of harbour dues.

### "The All-in-a-Minute Husband."

THIS IS THE TITLE of a most fascinating new love romance. I have read the opening chapters, which will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, and can honestly say that they have left me wanting more. The idea of a man consenting to pose for a few moments as the husband of a girl who is a stranger to him is distinctly novel.

### Mr. Hawtrey's Role.

"AT LUNCH yesterday I broke my roll in half and then I dropped it," Mr. Charles Hawtrey told me. "It rolled about on the dusty restaurant floor. I asked for another, but the waiter sternly refused. It was against regulations, even when I offered him the fragments. The roll would be so much waste bread to them. So it was to me."

### Illegal.

MR. HAWTREY decided to treasure the important foodstuff for the benefit of the pigeons which abound round the stage door of "Anthony in Wonderland." But his fellow-luncheoner knocked that plan on the head by saying it was now illegal to feed birds on bread!

### "A. J. B." Interviewed at Last!

VETERAN FLEET-STREET INTERVIEWERS gasped with surprise when they read that Mr. Arthur J. Balfour had submitted to being interviewed by a squad of Washington reporters. I don't recall that "A. J. B.," as he is called in Fleet-street, ever was interviewed by a London journalist. Many have tried—including myself—but all have failed.

### Shy of interviewers.

NOW THAT Mr. Balfour has succumbed to the Americans, London journalists may hope to succeed in their next efforts to "draw" him for publication. I know other famous men who have resisted all the lures of the expert interviewer. There are the Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, and Viscount Grey of Fallodon. I defy any American interviewer to induce them to grant an interview.



Mrs. Arthur Roames, whose husband is now serving with the General Staff.



Mrs. George Hill, whose husband has been at the front since the start of the war.

### Mr. John Hodge's Accident.

I AM GLAD to learn that Mr. John Hodge, M.P., has recovered from his recent accident. You will remember it was Mr. Barker who cured him. Mr. Hodge writes to me: "It is true I slipped and strained both my leg and foot two or three weeks after Mr. Barker's operation, but the cartilage which he replaced remained, and still remains, firmly in position, notwithstanding the strain to which it was subjected—a test of the thoroughness of his work."

### "The Most Distressful, etc."

I SEE that Edgar Wallace has been describing England as the most "down-trodden country in the world." And it's quite true, as all my Celtic friends will admit. The Englishman is as much under the dominion of a Celt as a bull-dog is under the spell of a spaniel.

### The Careful Banker.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND was talking about banking customs the other day. "Unfortunately," he said, "I happen to have three Christian names, and the initials are often written incorrectly. I sometimes get cheques—not so frequently as I should like—and whenever the Christian names are wrongly written my banker makes me sign the wrong name as well as the right one."

### Let Us Smile.

THE LATEST NAME applied to us by the Hate Editor of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is "jam-reeking Englishman." And yet the Huns say German is an expressive language.

THE RAMBLER.

## HOW TO SETTLE THE IRISH QUESTION



### By LORD ROTHERMERE

A Remarkable Article which will appear in To-morrow's

## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

OUT TO-MORROW

Of all Booksellers, or direct, The Manager, W  
Postcard Dept., "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bow  
Street, London, E.C. 4.

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

IS This the Decisive Battle?  
Special Article in "Sunday  
Pictorial." : : : : :

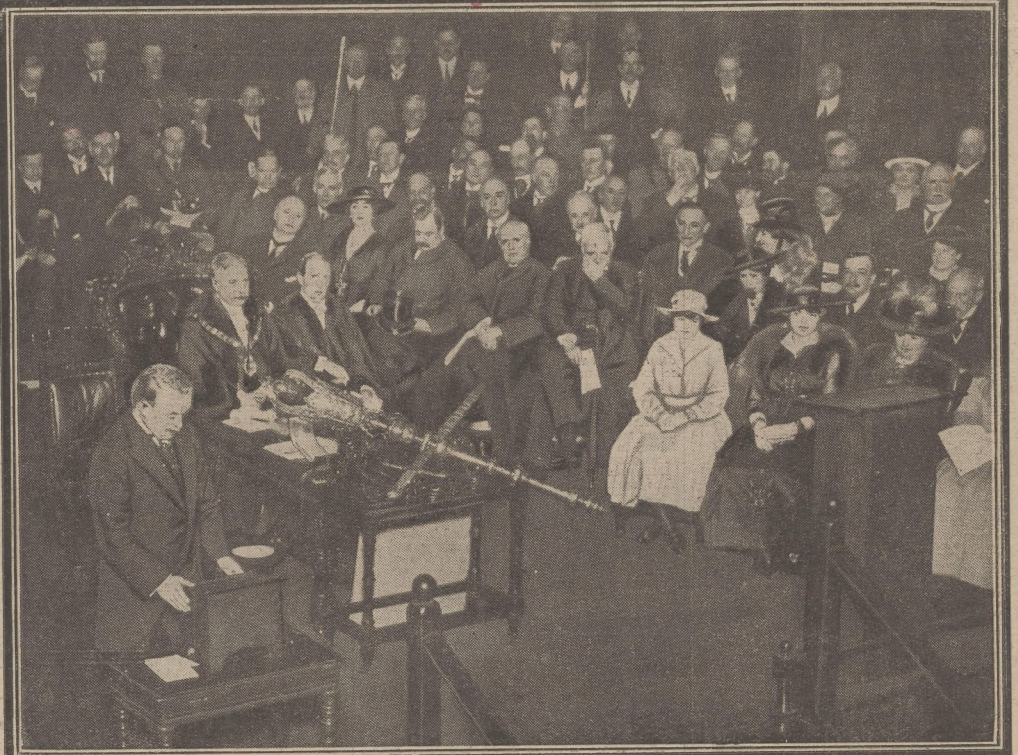
THE PREMIER MADE A FREEMAN OF THE CITY—A CONFIDENT SPEECH.



Mr. Churchill pays his taxi.



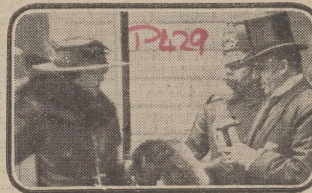
General Smuts came on foot.



Mr. Lloyd George speaking. His wife and daughters, the Primate, Lord Derby and Lord Reading were among those on the platform.



Lord Derby, the taller figure.



Earl and Countess Curzon arriving.

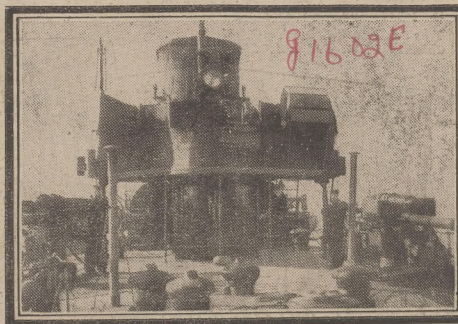
Mr. Lloyd George was made a freeman of the City at the Guildhall yesterday, and in a speech, which was remarkable for its tone of confidence, referred at length to the submarine danger. "The tide has turned," he said.

"TOUCH THEM AT YOUR PERIL."



Wounded soldiers take a nap in Hyde Park while the hospital mascot mounts guard over them.

GUNS WHICH DID THE DAMAGE.



Bridge and deck of H.M.S. Broke, showing a pair of the 4in. guns in the bows.—(Stephen Cribb.)

AT ST. DUNSTON'S HOSTEL.



The swings and see-saws are very popular with the blind men. They are also very fond of boating.